In Memoriam
Charles Wheeler

"LÆTIFICABIS EUM IN GAUDIO CUM VULTU TUO."

Class CT275

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MEMORIAL

OF

CHARLES WHEELER.

"Lætificabis eum in gaudio cum Vultu Tuo."

PHILADELPHIA:
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1884.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

CHARLES WHEELER.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

THEIR names are written in loving hearts. "The care of them" is with Him who "remembereth His children." Yet something is due on our part that such remembrance may continue, as an effectual influence for good with the younger generation. To this end the following sketch of a noble and spotless character is presented, in loving tribute to a precious memory.

Charles Wheeler was born August 22, 1827. He came of a good family on both sides. Several of his ancestors served their country in the war of the Revolution. All, so far as their names and record are preserved, possessed those civil and social virtues which make men useful and honored. All belonged to that

early type of dignified, simple, severely-upright manhood to which we owe what is best and most enduring in our national inheritance. Charles Wheeler's home was well fitted to prepare him for his future life, and to his home-training he largely owed the principles and habits by which he was ennobled. His father, after whom he was named, was a man of remarkable character and acquirements, an able lawyer of that famous bar which was the boast of Philadelphia in the last generation, and a model of professional diligence, punctuality and honor. He was a devout and humble Christian, for many years a communicant of old Christ Church, for twenty years a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, and the trusted friend and counsellor of the venerable Bishop White. It is believed that he was the first Philadelphian who graduated from Yale College, and to the end of his life he cherished an unbounded gratitude and affection to President Dwight, to whose instruction and influence he always attributed his exemption from the skeptical tendencies which were a French importation of those days, and threatened the faith of many of his contemporaries. He was a man of strong and rooted convictions, yet most charitable in his judgment of those who

differed from him. He had learned that the way of peace in this world is not to argue, but to forbear. Of the Holy Scriptures he could have said with truth that they were "his delight and his counsellors." Few clergymen know the Bible as well as he did. Whole chapters were treasured in his memory, and the repetition of his favorite passages was a never-failing source of comfort to him in his later years. He used the Scriptures largely in family worship, reading them with his children, bringing them into daily use in his domestic life, applying suitable texts so naturally and happily that they were woven into the thread of familiar association and home memories so as never in the future to be obliterated. "Everything in the word of God was a reality to him, and so was the hope that he built upon it." One can readily understand after this that "in whatever he undertook Mr. Wheeler was indefatigably diligent and scrupulously faithful, and that he made a conscience of everything." He certainly made a conscience of his children's training and education. His own scholarship was thorough, and he retained his love of and familiarity with the classics to the end of his life. It was his chief anxiety that his children should be well educated, and he often said

that if he could not leave them a fortune, he *could* give them what was far more valuable. In these efforts he was lovingly seconded by his wife. Her brightness and refinement, unselfishness and excellent sense, largely helped to make the home influences elevated and pure, filled with wholesome and worthy interests, and never lowered by frivolity and gossip. Through her the home was blessed with those "sober certainties of love" which bring domestic peace and mutual trust and perfect sympathy.

Charles was Mr. Wheeler's oldest son, and at an early age entered the grammar school of the University of Pennsylvania, then thought the best school in the city. His father was most careful about his lessons, going over them with him in the evening, and never permitting him to go to his recitations unprepared. The boy was well instructed therefore, and diligent, and laid a thorough foundation of useful knowledge for the mental discipline of after years. He was altogether true and pure and manly in his boyhood. His activity in athletic sports, for which he was peculiarly adapted by his well-knit and healthy frame, secured him an easy pre-eminence on the playground. He had a natural self-possession, and was

brave from childhood. As an illustration of this, once when he had been thrown down by the horses of a heavy market wagon and been trodden upon by the hoof of one, he had the presence of mind, by a quick movement of his body, to throw himself lengthwise, and so to escape the wheels which in a moment more would have crushed out his life. Once he rescued a boy older than himself from drowning, at the risk of his own life. Once when skating on the Schuylkill the ice broke and he was in great danger, from which he saved himself by lying at full length, and working himself along until he found a thicker crust capable of supporting him. Those on shore who were watching him naturally thought that he would be exhausted, and made ready hot blankets and restoratives for his use; but when he reached terra firma he made light of his exploit, and ran home as fast as he could to keep himself warm. He was naturally kind-hearted and unselfish like his parents, and could never stand by and passively witness rudeness to the feebler sex, or coarse bullying of the weak by the strong. I dwell upon the home and the traits of character in the *boy*. It is too true to be a truism that "the boy is father of the man." "The stream cannot rise higher than its

source." If the fear of God, the love of simple goodness, unselfish kindness and noble interests rule the home, the children will show those influences in their after lives. Even good homes may produce poor results where self-indulgence is fostered in the children by the mistaken kindness of the parents, and luxurious living counteracts the verbal exhortations to soberness and self-control. Why do we call what is plain and unadorned *homely?* Certainly in the case before us the home left indelible impressions upon the child, and the germs of character already noticeable in the boy ripened into beautiful and enduring fruits in the man. So passed a natural, wholesome boyhood.

Charles Wheeler was well prepared for his college course, passed his entrance examinations with credit, and purposed to take the full curriculum of study. At the time for entering the university however, in 1847, a position was offered him in the employment of the greatly-respected firm of Morris, Tasker & Co., iron manufacturers; and the opportunity was so favorable that, after careful consideration in the family, it was accepted. With these gentlemen he was in the best business school, and he proved himself an apt and ready scholar. Their integrity, experience and sagac-

ity gained his respect, while his unfailing modesty and diligence, combined with an unusual capacity for affairs, won for him their entire confidence. Here, in his earlier business life, he furnishes an example of opening manhood unstained and honored, as noble as it is rare. He was greatly interested and absorbed in his work, as a young man ought to be. His brief intervals of relaxation were employed in active out-of-door exercise and family intercourse. Though his life was laborious and self-denying, it was eminently cheerful and contented. He had no burden of ennui, unsatisfied desire or evil memory to carry, and he was never unfitted by the indulgence of low propensities and associations for the delightful companionship of his home and the good and lovely souls who gathered there. I hardly need add that of this bright and becoming virtue the root and foundation was sincere religious principle, and that during these years he was diligently using the means of grace. He was the first person upon whom his venerated uncle, Bishop Bowman, laid his hands in confirmation, after his consecration as Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania; and the promise and vow then renewed were sacredly kept in spirit as well as profession to his life's end. So passed

the years of temptation and crisis, in which a young man's character is tested and moulded for good or evil, and the choice of life is made and ratified.

Six years after his first connection with the firm, Mr. Wistar Morris, its founder, retired, and sold out his interest to Mr. Wheeler, who thus became a member of one of the most influential houses in Philadelphia. From this time on his worldly success was assured, all his business undertakings prospered, and he enjoyed the fruits of his diligence and patient waiting. After this he gradually allowed himself somewhat more of relaxation and indulgence. One afternoon about this time, while driving one of his sisters, he remarked to her that this was his first drive for pleasure—the first time in his life that he had ordered a carriage from a livery stable for himself. What firmness of purpose and self-denial are shown by this little incident in one who was always generous to others, especially those united to him by the ties of relationship! I need barely to allude to the steps by which his large fortune was accumulated, and the several positions which he occupied in the mercantile world. These are given in sufficient detail in the various notices and resolutions which follow this sketch. Finis coronat opus. It is true to-day as of old that

"the Lord ordereth a good man's going, and maketh his way acceptable to Himself." Even in this world a true and manly virtue will win respect and confidence. This life proves it. Such men, wherever they are found, are the pillars of society, and the salt which preserves the body politic from corruption. It was with no unmeaning emphasis that, while taking part with some young friends in what is called a game of preferences, when the question, "What is your aim in life?" came to his turn, he answered quite gravely, "To do my duty." That indeed *was* the key-note of his life.

Of a happy life the best happiness was still in store. In April, 1866, he was married to Susan, daughter of John Farnum, a much-honored citizen of Philadelphia, in Christ Church, by the Right Reverend Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. It was a marriage of true love and esteem on both sides, a sort of ideal of wedded union in which the bond grew closer and tenderer year by year, a realization of the touching epitaph on the grave-stone of Charles Kingsley: "Amavimus, amamus, amabimus." It seems to me that if the young men of our day could have one glimpse of the blessedness of such a marriage and the home which it

forms, and which is only possible to those who have always led unstained and virtuous lives, it would strengthen noble resolutions and add a winning incentive to manly self-control. For true love is impossible to the vicious.

"To keep one faithful flame
Through life unchilled, unmoved,
To love in wintry age the same
As once in youth they loved,"

is reserved for those who have not degraded the highest, sweetest sentiment of our nature by unprincipled vanity or coarse and degrading associations. The wedding tour was to Europe, and husband and wife enjoyed together their first sight of scenes and places with which most of us become familiar through books before we visit them. Their time was well laid out and wisely used, and they returned bringing some lovely trophies of their art explorations in Rome and Florence. For a while they lived in the old home in Pine Street, but only till arrangements were completed for the separate establishments in Walnut Street and at Bryn Mawr. This latter home was beautifully situated on an elevated site in the pleasant rolling country for which the neighborhood of Philadelphia is celebrated.

There was small promise at first, however, of the cultivated loveliness by which it is now surrounded. The gradual improvement and beautifying of the place gave occupation and pleasure to its owners for following years. Between these two pleasant homes the year was divided, with the exception of about six weeks of the midsummer at the sea-shore. Newport had always been the favorite bathing place of the family, and here, within the last three years, a pretty cottage was built for a permanent residence in the season.

Thus the home life began and continued for seventeen happy years in these places. During this period nine children were born, one of whom died in its earliest infancy. It is impossible in any case really to draw the curtain which conceals the sanctities of home. What is best and most precious escapes the setting of words and sentences. It is like the memory of a fragrance or of a sweet strain of music heard in past years. A few only of those features which gave the outward character and beauty to Mr. Wheeler's domestic life can be mentioned here.

She who was his nearest friend, his other self, says of him, "I used to be more impressed with his wonderfully high moral standard than almost anything else

about him, carried as it was into every detail of daily life, and his quiet perseverance in duty without a question, however troublesome it might be at the particular moment." "Nothing displeased him more than any tendency towards extravagance, and I have heard him say very many times, 'I hope no child of mine will ever think extravagance a virtue.' The modern ideas of luxury in living and entertaining were very distasteful to him, and also the want of sincerity among people of the world. He constantly begged me to impress upon the children what evils result from want of thorough honesty in all things." With a very just and penetrating judgment of men he combined an unfailing charity which disposed him to put a favorable construction on their less commendable doings, and to treat with indulgent kindness all who had dealings with him. Prosperity, so far from hardening, only softened and matured his character. He was invariably courteous to all men, to the poor and the unnoticed, as well as to his more favored neighbors and acquaintances. At an early date he had made it his rule, from principle, to set apart one-tenth of his income for benevolent objects, and after his death his books showed that he had observed the same rule when his income had be-

come a large one, his charities never, a single year, falling below the tenth part, though sometimes exceeding it. It may be said of him with truth that he "never turned away his face from any poor man," although he exercised a wise discrimination in his beneficence, and looked to the permanent welfare of those assisted as well as to their relief for the present. He gave also what is often of more value than money, viz., time, sympathy, and patient attention to the affairs of people who had no special claim upon him. He took care of their little money and advised them in their difficulties. Among his relatives and connections he was counsellor-in-chief, and he was the depository of their cares and perplexities.

As the years wore on to the unlooked-for end his character mellowed and matured in its nobler and gentler features. The days were more and more "bound each to each by natural piety." There was an increased tenderness and devotion to the dear ones of his home,

> "By soft endearments in kind strife
> Lightening the load of daily life."

His wife remembers to have felt frequent surprise at his failure to be aroused to an expression of indigna-

tion at the gross negligence of certain employes, such as used to annoy him very greatly, but which of late months he entirely overlooked or would merely remark that they did not mean to do wrong. His kindness to the younger members of the family, his nephews and nieces, endeared him inexpressibly to them. To them he was a sort of standard and model of manly dignity and goodness, and he took the most affectionate interest in their happiness and welfare. Thank God, the memory of his loving deeds and gracious example will not die, but will abide with the older ones like a guiding star. In his own nearer circle with his children he had a happy way of commanding their respect and implicit obedience without loss of the most affectionate freedom and confidence. His mere look quieted any little disturbance, and his approving smile rewarded their efforts to please him. Their welfare was the object nearest to his heart, and he gave to their physical, mental and moral training an amount of wise persistent personal attention which is rarely equalled.

As to his inward religious life, it was known by fruits rather than professions. He was a doer as well as a hearer of the word. No better illustration of his prevailing sentiment could be given than he once fur-

nished, when several persons were speaking of religion, in what it consisted, and what were its claims, and different opinions being expressed, he remarked, "It all comes back to the main point, to 'keep one's self unspotted from the world.'" No one could have imagined that this last spring and summer were the late autumn of his life. Mr. Wheeler seemed in perfect health and vigor, his enjoyment of all pleasant things as full and keen as ever. There was no warning cloud upon the horizon.

"Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round the autumnal sun."

The full development of character is reached, the results of self-discipline and patient continuance in well-doing are accomplished, and

"There sight fails; no heart may know
The bliss when life is done."

The family had moved to their Newport home, and several pleasant weeks had passed by, broken by a little tour to Niagara and through Canada, which Mr. Wheeler took for the sake of his two older children, and in which he was accompanied by a friend of his daughter and one of his nephews. It occupied nearly

a fortnight, and was a source of the utmost enjoyment to the younger members of the party. He was, as always, full of consideration and sympathy for his young companions, and ready to be pleased when they were. But he missed his wife's society, and said to her on his return that this separation must not happen again, that life was too short, and that hereafter they must defer any trips or journeys till they could leave home together. There was great happiness when the family was again reunited. There was much to enjoy in Newport. The bathing in the morning and driving in the late afternoon made the days pass swiftly for the children. It was a little break in their pleasure when the husband and father proposed a day or two of absence. His oldest boy and namesake asked to accompany him. The two started on the evening of August 15th, by the night boat for New York. The good-byes were unusually loving and prolonged. The parting was unusually reluctant. But there was no apparent ground for uneasiness and foreboding. Mr. Wheeler seemed as well as usual, and though there may have been before this time some slight disturbance in the action of the heart, it had occasioned no alarm. He went with his son for a brief absence and with no doubt of speedy return.

So far as man can discover there were no premonitions of death that night. The father and son were together, and after an undisturbed rest they rose, hoping by a little haste to secure an early train to Philadelphia. The boat was behind time in arriving, and they hurried ashore and ran for a block or two. Presently Mr. Wheeler lessened his speed. At the corner of Vesey and West Streets he suddenly fell backward to the pavement. In a moment a policeman was on hand, and he was lifted and laid upon a stand in Washington Market. Water was applied, his hands were rubbed, but all efforts to restore consciousness were fruitless. For a moment his breathing became calmer, and those around him raised him to a sitting position. Then, after one moan, he sank back, rigid and still. An ambulance had been sent for from the Chambers Street Hospital, but on its arrival life was over. His boy asked the surgeon "Is my father dead?" and was told that he was, but that he must be brave and keep up in order to give the needed information. There was hardly need for the suggestion. The son, as his father would have had him do, went quietly through the agonizing duty of watching over the lifeless form of the dear one so awfully taken from

him. The remains were carried to the Twenty-seventh Precinct Station. There an examination was made by the surgeon in attendance, who found that the cause of death was cerebral apoplexy. There the boy waited by his father, having reverently covered his face with a handkerchief, until at 2 P. M. a business friend and associate arrived, and made the necessary arrangements. Meanwhile the telegram which he had sent shortly after his father's death reached Newport about 9 A. M., bringing awful sorrow and desolation into the happy home circle.

It is needless to dwell upon the fearful shock, the cloud of thick darkness which hid the sunlight, the benumbed, bruised feeling which followed. Who does not recall some similar experience? The necessity for exertion presses. One moves forward under it mechanically like a person in a dream, conscious of the dull, heavy pain of a crushing burden, while not yet fully alive to the reality—only aware that life is at once and forever changed and its joy departed.

By noon, Mrs. Wheeler and her three older daughters had started to Bryn Mawr. The body of the husband and father followed that evening. The various members of his family, scattered for the sum-

mer, were notified by nightfall, and there were many sorrowing hearts and streaming eyes. Friday, August 17th, the relatives were on their way to Bryn Mawr, and there are those who will never forget the days that followed,—the lovely August Sunday in his beautiful home, and he lying cold and unmoved in the place to which he had always given us so hospitable a welcome,—the dreadful sorrow of the loss, and yet, through it and over it all, the "Peace of God which passeth all understanding," the blessed certainty that "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

The notices with which the daily papers were filled immediately upon the news of his death, some of which follow this sketch, abundantly witness to the respect and affection which he had inspired. Few private citizens receive such hearty and spontaneous testimony to a noble, well-spent life. No allusion has been made in this imperfect record to Mr. Wheeler's services as a patriotic and public-spirited citizen. He was a most loyal American and Philadelphian, and he labored earnestly and incessantly for those measures and reforms which he deemed essential to the purity and efficiency of the government and the well-being of the

people. And this side of his life and character was perhaps the best known and appreciated by his fellow citizens in general. As was truly said of him, "Men counted it an honor to be reckoned among the friends of one whose life has been of so much honorable usefulness in the world." The general impression of his character was happily given by another, "As the merchant, the banker, the philanthropist, the social and political economist, the Christian gentleman, Charles Wheeler has long stood in the foremost rank of Philadelphia society." "He was a man of intense earnestness and high conscientiousness, inflexible in the prosecution of duty, but full of sympathy for all that concerned the best interests of his fellows." "He leaves a vacancy in all his domestic, social, business and religious relations that will not be filled by any one who may come after him."

The great gathering of Philadelphia's leading men at his funeral, on the evening of August 20th, which was unprecedented for the time of year when people are most scattered, was an additional proof of the regard in which he was held, and the feeling of public loss which his sudden death had occasioned. Nothing could have been more simple and suitable than the

funeral ceremonial. He lay in the drawing-room, his form and countenance noble and stately under the shadow of death. The face wore its natural expression of dignified firmness, truth and kindness. There were a few flowers on his breast gathered by his children from their own flower-beds, and arranged by his wife's hands. The house was full of mourners. At the appointed time the procession moved on foot to the beautiful church distant scarcely a quarter of a mile, to the erection of which he had himself so largely contributed. There was no rattle of wheels nor stir of carriages. The coffin was borne by those employed on the estate, their last office of love to one whom all had regarded as their best friend. The funeral service was simply and beautifully read by the Rector, Mr. Wheeler's esteemed and trusted friend. From the church it was but a few steps to the open grave in the lovely quiet church-yard, by the side of his little infant. The grave was lined with ferns, and its borders covered with evergreens. The coffin was lowered to its last resting place by those who had carried it there, and then, after the committal service had been said by his brother-in-law, they also quietly and sorrowfully filled up the grave, and we left him, in peace, to await the resurrection.

"Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power."

His soul is in the hands of God, and no harm can reach him. He is with those lovely and righteous souls with whom he had happy intercourse in days gone by, whose loss he deeply felt and bravely bore. The months and years of separation are long to those who are left, but they pass swiftly in Paradise. His works do follow him. His Example is a bright track of light for those he has left behind him. It is his children's best patrimony. For his whole life was bound together by one predominant motive—to do his duty. It was throughout an effort to attain a plain and simple goodness, and this made it a success.

If this sketch were in the least embellished or overdrawn, it would be an unfit memorial to one who always acted and spoke the truth. And no words could better sum up what he aimed to be, and what he was, than those of the Prophet: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

GRISWOLD WORSTED COMPANY, LIMITED.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1883.

MRS. CHARLES WHEELER.

Dear Madam:—I am instructed to transmit to you the following resolutions of the Board of Managers of the Griswold Worsted Company, Limited.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That in the death of Charles Wheeler this Board has lost a warm friend and a valuable member, and Philadelphia one of its best citizens.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with his bereaved family in their deep sorrow.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Board transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of the late Mr. Wheeler.

Very truly yours,

F. SHRODER,
Secretary.

THE CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK.

August 21, 1883.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Central National Bank, held this day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of this Bank has heard with deep emotion of the death of their friend and colleague, Charles Wheeler, who, for the last nineteen years, has been so intimately identified with the interests of this Bank, and who has during that period so justly acquired the respect and regard of this Board.

Resolved, That by the death of Mr. Wheeler the Directors have lost a valuable and beloved colleague and the community a patriotic citizen, who, by his courteous manners, unblemished integrity, active benevolence, sound judgment and unostentatious piety was greatly endeared to all who enjoyed his friendship.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

George M. Troutman,
President.

Theodore Kitchen,
Cashier.

CRANE IRON COMPANY.

August 20, 1883.

Mrs. Charles Wheeler.

Dear Madam:—At a meeting of our Board of Managers, held to-day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have heard with profound regret of the sudden and unexpected decease of our fellow-member, Mr. Charles Wheeler, and desire to record our sense of the great loss we have sustained; therefore,

Resolved, That during many years of close association with him, we have learned to appreciate his wise counsel and rare good judgment on all matters of business, as well as his unvarying courtesy in all our intercourse with him.

Resolved, That we tender to the members of his family our sincere and heart-felt sympathy in their bereavement.

Yours very truly,

Geo. L. Burns,
Treasurer.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, BRYN MAWR.

August 23, 1883.

The Vestry of the Church of the Redeemer deeply deplores the loss of their late associate, Charles Wheeler, so long a vestryman of this church, and so endeared to us all, and desire to record their high appreciation of his sterling, manly and Christian character, ever active and ever ready to assist in all good works, and tender their heart-felt Christian sympathy to his bereaved family in their sad affliction, whose loss is yet his gain, taken at once, without pain or suffering, from the midst of active Christian work to receive from the Master he had served so well the award, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The preceding minute was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Vestry, held August 20, 1883.

J. Hunter Ewing,
Secretary.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

Minute of a special meeting of the Vestry of St. Luke's Church, held on August 20, 1883.

Mr. Charles Wheeler, who has been for a number of years a communicant and Vestryman of St. Luke's Church, entered into rest on Thursday, August 16. The Vestry of this Parish hereby desire to express their appreciation of the high character of their friend and associate, with their sense of the heavy loss which has now been sustained.

Mr. Wheeler's unblemished reputation as an upright and honorable man, his well-balanced judgment, and the modest, temperate manner in which he was in the habit of stating the conclusions to which he arrived, gave his opinions great force and weight in all deliberations; while his personal example was that of one who was both generous and judicious in his contributions to religious and philanthropic objects, who ever bore himself courteously and considerately toward those who sought the benefit of his counsel, or help of any kind; and who, in a signally successful and somewhat conspicuous mercantile career, remained throughout a gentle-mannered and humble-minded

Christian gentleman. Such men are the pillars of Christian society, and when they are taken away leave empty places which it is not easy to fill.

We deeply deplore the loss of our associate and friend, and most cordially extend our heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family, commending them to the care of that God whose revealed promises of help in time of need, and of guidance always, are so abundant and sure.

From the minutes.

CHAS. C. HARRISON,
Secretary.

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE OF 100.

927 CHESTNUT STREET.

At a special meeting of the Citizens' Committee of 100, held Philadelphia, August 18, 1883, the following resolutions were adopted:

The sad intelligence of the sudden death of Charles Wheeler, who has been so long and so prominently

connected with us in the Reform movement, having reached us, the members of the Committee of 100 wish to put on record,

First. Their high appreciation of his long and active service in the work of reform with rare modesty and without ambition. He was always ready with wise counsel, active personal service and open-handed liberality to promote the objects of our association.

Second. That as a public-spirited citizen he was ever ready to encourage all projects that looked to the advancement of his native city.

Third. That he had endeared himself personally to each of us as a cherished friend, and we shall ever rejoice in our recollection of him as a most unselfish and noble citizen.

Fourth. That our heart-felt sympathies are tendered to the stricken household, the widow and children. In this sad and sudden bereavement we can only commend them for comfort to the "Loving Father, who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

JOHN E. GRAEFF,
Vice-Chairman, Presiding.

WESTERN SAVING FUND.

The Board of Managers of the Western Saving Fund Society of Philadelphia, holding in high esteem the memory of their late friend and associate, Mr. Charles Wheeler, unanimously adopt the following minute:

By the death of Mr. Wheeler the community has lost a useful, upright and public-spirited citizen; the world of business an energetic, enterprising and able manager; and this institution a modest and unassuming but highly-intelligent and sagacious adviser and friend. His late colleagues in this Board deplore his untimely death, and unite with many friends in sentiments of affectionate regard for his memory and virtues.

The Board direct a record upon their minutes of this testimony, and that a copy thereof be sent to the family of Mr. Wheeler, with expressions of their sincere sympathy and respect.

F. FRALEY,
President.

WM. B. ROGERS,
V. P. and Treasurer.

ALFRED P. EDGE,
Secretary.

No. 1000 Walnut Street,
SEPTEMBER 13, 1883.

SEABOARD BANK.

At a regular meeting of Directors of the Seaboard Bank, held September 6, 1883, the death of Charles Wheeler, of Philadelphia, was announced, and the following minute was ordered to be entered upon the records:

The Directors of the Seaboard Bank desire to express their sense of the loss sustained, both by the Bank with which they are connected and themselves personally, in the death of Mr. Charles Wheeler, who has been associated with them in the direction of the Bank from the time of its organization.

Mr. Wheeler was a man distinguished for an energy and sagacity that made him eminently successful as a business man, and rendered his counsel and practical assistance most valuable in the advancement of the interests of the Bank.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our departed associate our respectful sympathy with them in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of the above minute be sent to the family of Mr. Wheeler.

J. G. Nelson.

POTTSTOWN IRON COMPANY.

POTTSTOWN, PA., Sept. 20, 1883.

Whereas, Since the last meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pottstown Iron Company, death has suddenly called away Charles Wheeler, a Manager of this Company; therefore,

Resolved, That by the death of Mr. Wheeler this Company loses a valuable and efficient officer, whose large experience enabled him at all times to give the Company most prudent counsel, and the Board deeply lament that they are deprived of the companionship of one whose high character had so won their regard, and whose unfailing courtesy and kindness had endeared him to his fellow-managers.

Resolved, That this record of our departed friend be spread upon the minutes of the Company, and a copy of the resolutions be sent to Mr. Wheeler's family.

JOSEPH K. WHEELER,
Secretary.

INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA.

No. 232 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, September 25, 1883.

MRS. WHEELER.

Dear Madam:—I beg to communicate the following extract from the minutes of a recent meeting of our Board of Directors:

The President having announced the death of Mr. Charles Wheeler, which occurred upon the 16th of August, the following minute was adopted, and the Secretary requested to send a copy of the same to Mr. Wheeler's family:

The Board of Directors of the Insurance Company of North America desire to record on the minutes their sorrow and regret for the loss of their friend and colleague, who for nine years has been a Director thereof. He was faithful in the discharge of duty, wise and prudent in counsel, modest and courteous in his demeanor, respected by the community in which he lived, and held in high esteem by the many institutions in which he served. He will be missed by all, but by none more than by the Directors of this Com-

pany, in the success of which he was so deeply interested.

I remain, dear madam, yours faithfully,

GREVILLE E. FRYER,
Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

At a stated meeting of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, held on Wednesday the 5th of September, A.D. 1883, the Secretary announced the death of Charles Wheeler, Esq., a Director of the Institution, and submitted the following remarks:

"Woes cluster." On the 17th day of March we met to pay a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of a valued associate, George A. Wood, Esq., whose premature death deprived the Institution of the services of an active, judicious and sincere friend.

On the 30th day of May we assembled to express our deep concern for the death of our distinguished and honored President, George Sharswood.

To-day we mourn the sudden departure of another colleague, Charles Wheeler.

Descended from highly-respectable ancestors, he was born in this city on the twenty-second day of August, 1827. His father, Charles Wheeler, was a member of the Philadelphia Bar, and was justly esteemed for his high integrity and purity of character. Our associate was a self-made man. His chief inheritance was an unsullied name, derived from his excellent father, and his uncle, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bowman.

He received his early education under that distinguished instructor, the Rev. Dr. Crawford, and afterward entered the University of Pennsylvania. But at an early age he was placed in the establishment of Morris, Tasker & Company, where by his fine business qualifications, his assiduity and correctness of conduct, he won the entire confidence of his employers, and after a time became a member of the firm. By his energy and intelligence the business of the house became widely extended. His reputation as a business man became so highly esteemed that his counsel and aid were sought not only by individuals but by corporations, and he was chosen director of many commercial and eleemosynary institutions. Among them we

may mention that he was a Director of the Insurance Company of North America, of the Girard Life Insurance and Trust Company, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, the Crane Iron Company, the Connellsville Coal and Coke Company, the Central National Bank, the First National Bank of Pennsylvania, the Seaboard Bank of New York, the Committee of One Hundred for promoting reform, the Western Saving Fund, the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the House of Refuge, etc.

He was chosen a Director of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in January, 1866, and so continued during his life.

He was public-spirited, and his patriotic services in promoting reform will long be remembered.

In 1866 he married Miss Susan Farnum, the elder daughter of John Farnum, Esq.

He generally spent his summers at his cottage at Bryn Mawr, or at that in Newport, R. I., with his family. Returning from Newport on Wednesday, August 15, in his usual health, with his son Charles, he arrived at New York on the 16th inst. On reaching the corner of West and Vesey Streets, he staggered and fell. He had ceased to live.

Thus suddenly terminated the life of this valued and excellent citizen.

Happy in his domestic relations, successful in his business, and enjoying the regard and respect of the community, he has been unexpectedly called from time to Eternity, and has left a void which will not readily be filled. His memory will be long affectionately cherished.

"For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
Or children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share."

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted, viz.:

Resolved, That in the death of Charles Wheeler, Esq., the Directors have lost a beloved associate, the Institution a sincere friend, and society an honorable and patriotic citizen, whose disinterested services conferred great benefit on the community.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to convey the sincere sympathy of the Directors to the family of their lamented friend in the great affliction that has befallen them.

From the minutes.

JAMES J. BARCLAY.

THE LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, August 28, 1883.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, the following minute was, on motion, unanimously adopted, viz.:

The Managers at this their first meeting since the death of their late esteemed associate, Charles Wheeler, desire to place on record their appreciation of the integrity of his character, and of his usefulness as a member of this Board, and their regret at the sudden severance of personal and friendly relations which have existed for so many years.

On motion, the Vice-President was requested to communicate the action of the Board to the family of the deceased.

Extract from the minutes.

S. SHEPHERD,
Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE "LAW AND ORDER SOCIETY."

1613 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Charles Wheeler.

Dear Madam:—The Executive Committee of the Law and Order Society have requested me to communicate to you a Resolution, which was passed at their meeting, held Sept. 17, 1883, in the following words:

Resolved, That in the decease of Charles Wheeler, Esq., a patron of the Law and Order Society of the City of Philadelphia, this Society has occasion to mourn the loss of a good and generous and noble-hearted citizen, whose influence has been felt in maintaining our numerous charities, and in supporting every movement for the reform of abuses in our community.

Resolved, That a copy of this Resolution be sent to the family of the deceased.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Arthur M. Burton,
President Law and Order Society.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1883.

THE GIRARD LIFE-INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

August 18, 1883.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of this Company, held this day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, This Board has learned with profound regret of the sudden and unexpected death of an associate, Charles Wheeler, who for seventeen years has been a manager of this Company; therefore

Resolved, That we record our sense of the great loss sustained by us in the removal, in the very vigor of his manhood, of one whose uniform dignity and urbanity have won our respect and esteem; and whose fidelity, large business experience, clear perceptions and fine sense of honor made his judgment and counsel of special value.

Resolved, That we tender to his family, thus unexpectedly bereaved of an honored husband and wise father, our sincere sympathy.

Resolved, That a certified copy of these resolutions be furnished his family, and published in the daily papers of this city.

John B. Garrett,
President.

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT IS FROM THE "IRON AND STEEL BULLETIN," Aug. 22.

We announce with deep regret the sudden death of Mr. Charles Wheeler, the Treasurer of the American Iron and Steel Association since its organization in 1864, which sad event took place in New York city on Thursday morning, August 16, under the following circumstances, as detailed by the *Tribune* of the 17th:

Charles Wheeler, a prominent Philadelphia merchant and banker, died suddenly from an apoplectic fit, on West Street near Vesey, about eight o'clock yesterday morning.

He was returning to his home in Philadelphia, accompanied by his son, having been spending the summer in Newport, where he has a country-house. The boat on which they arrived in the city from Newport was late, and they were running to the Courtlandt Street Ferry of the Pennsylvania Railroad in order to get their train, when Mr. Wheeler suddenly fell backward to the sidewalk. Patrolman James Humphreys lifted the unconscious man and placed him on a stand in Washington Market, where water was given him and his hands were rubbed. He did not recover con-

sciousness, and died within fifteen minutes. The body was then taken to the Twenty-seventh Precinct Station, and an examination was made by Dr. Messemer, who found that death had ensued from syncope, the result of cerebral apoplexy. The body was then removed to Mooney's undertaking establishment in Greenwich Street, and in the evening it was sent to Philadelphia. Mr. Wheeler's son, Charles Wheeler, Jr., who was with his father, is a boy of fourteen years. He said his father had given no indication of illness.

Mr. Wheeler was born in Philadelphia on the 22d of August, 1827, just fifty-six years ago. In early life he entered the employ of Morris, Tasker & Co., pipe manufacturers, of Philadelphia, and some years later he was taken into the firm as a partner. In 1864 he retired from business, worth $1,000,000. Fourteen years later he again entered the firm as chief partner. Under his management the workings of the Company have been extended widely. It now has offices in New York, Philadelphia, Bradford (Pennsylvania), and San Francisco. The firm represents the Pascal Iron Works of Philadelphia and the Delaware Iron Company of New Castle, Delaware. He was also a part-

ner in the dry goods house of John Farnum & Co., of Philadelphia. His wife is the oldest daughter of Mr. Farnum, who is deceased. Mr. Wheeler organized the Central National Bank of Philadelphia, and in 1873 he was elected its Vice-President. He was a Director in the Insurance Company of North America, the Girard Insurance Company, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, the Pottstown Iron Company, the Crane Iron Company, the Connellsville Coal and Coke Company, the Western Savings Fund, the Central National Bank of Philadelphia, the First National Bank of Bradford, Pa., the First National Bank of Dallas, Texas, and the Seaboard Bank of New York. In politics Mr. Wheeler was a Republican, and a member of the Philadelphia Committee of One Hundred. He frequently declined political offices. He was a member of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Wheeler's family consists of a wife and eight children, the latter all minors. His estate is large, and includes real estate in Philadelphia, and valuable properties at Newport and Bryn Mawr, the latter a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Wheeler was a brother of Andrew Wheeler, of the firm of Morris, Wheeler & Co., the well-known iron merchants.

The press of Mr. Wheeler's city bears generous testimony to his worth as a man and a citizen.

The *Press* says:

"Mr. Wheeler was a kindly, genial man, of a bright, warm nature, and of the most upright integrity and thorough business-like character. He is said to have been richly endowed with the faculties of quick perception, keen discrimination and ready judgment. His high degree of executive ability is attested by the success which followed his efforts to create and incorporate the Central Bank, and by the impetus which his labors communicated to the several concerns with which he was associated."

The *Times* says:

"The death of Charles Wheeler is a very great loss to this community. He was not a man who made much noise in the world, but his quiet influence was recognized in business circles, and no man enjoyed or deserved a higher measure of respect or confidence. The active workers of the Committee of One Hundred can testify how much the citizens of Philadelphia owe to his wise counsel and generous aid in the cause of

municipal reform, and this was only one of the ways in which his strong and upright character and unassuming public spirit had become a power for good. Combining large enterprise in business with scrupulous integrity, and earnest patriotism with absolute unselfishness; enjoying wealth without ostentation, and social position without vanity, Charles Wheeler was a type of the American citizen that did honor to the name. His sudden taking off, in the very prime of life, is a cause of genuine sorrow, which must be deepened by its awful suddenness."

The *Ledger* says:

"He was an influential promoter of various benevolent organizations, to which, as to many private charities, he was a liberal benefactor. He belonged to the class of men who kept the duties of citizenship in full view and discharged them in a conscientious way, believing that good morals and scrupulous honor ought to influence political conduct as they do all other affairs in life among honorable men."

The *North American* says:

"Mr. Wheeler stood well with the business and

financial community, and his sudden decease will elicit much sincere regret."

The *Evening Bulletin* says:

"The sudden death of Mr. Charles Wheeler comes with a heavy shock upon a very large circle in this community. Mr. Wheeler was one of Philadelphia's best citizens, in the truest and highest sense of the term. His career in his native city has been run in the open field of large and prosperous business enterprise, and his good name has long been held in conspicuous honor by all who knew anything about him. As the merchant, the banker, the philanthropist, the social and political economist, the Christian gentleman, Charles Wheeler has long stood in the foremost rank of Philadelphia society. Deeply engrossed in large business affairs, he had always ample time and interest for whatever seemed to him to concern the welfare of the community around him. He was a man of intense earnestness and high conscientiousness, inflexible in the prosecution of duty, but full of sympathy for all that concerned the best interests of his fellows. Both in the religious and secular world Mr. Wheeler's influence was continually in active exercise, and none can tell

the sum of all the good that he accomplished. Mr. Wheeler belonged to that class of high-principled citizens that forms such a large element in the Republican party of Philadelphia. He was a genuine Reformer, and has contributed largely to the cause of real Reform. He never had personal aims or ambitions to serve in politics, but he gave freely of his money, time and talents to the rectifying of abuse and the purifying of his party.

"Mr. Wheeler has fallen suddenly, and in the prime of a mature and useful manhood. He leaves a vacancy in all his domestic, social, business and religious relations that will not be filled by any one who may come after him.

"Mr. Wheeler was elected Treasurer of the American Iron and Steel Association, at its organization in Philadelphia, on November 16, 1864, and served continuously in this important office until the day of his death, a period of almost nineteen years. For nearly eleven years our official relations with him have been of an intimate character, and we can bear testimony to his uniform courtesy, patience and obliging nature. Although he was overwhelmed with business, we never saw a frown upon his face, nor heard from his lips an impatient remark.

"The funeral of Mr. Wheeler took place at Bryn Mawr, on Monday evening, August 20."

The following is from the *Newport News:*

"The community was startled this morning by the announcement of the death of Charles Wheeler, one of our best-known summer residents. Mr. Wheeler has been spending the season at his cottage near the beach, and has, so far as is known, been in his usual health.

"Mr. Wheeler was Vice-President of the Central National Bank of Philadelphia, a Director of the Insurance Company of North America, and occupied many other positions of financial trust and responsibility. He has spent many seasons at Newport, and has always taken great interest in our local affairs. As he resided for some time at the Cliff cottages, he was interested in that establishment and became its largest stockholder, having purchased such shares as were in the market. A few years since he purchased the lot on the corner of the Bath Road and Channing Avenue, together with the adjoining estate, where he now owns three delightful summer cottages. It is but a day or two since he called at the *Daily News* office, making

inquiries about the progress of public sentiment concerning the city sewerage, the board of health, the water supply and other matters, which he regarded as essential to the prosperity of the city."

The *Episcopal Register*, of August 25, has the following notice:

"The Church has lost a rarely-equalled supporter in the death of Mr. Charles Wheeler. He was both diligent in business and fervent in spirit. The possessor of large wealth, he lived as the faithful steward of a trust to be administered in the interest of God and man, at the disposal of truth and charity. He was a leading example among those successful men who have been led by their faith to forward and sustain the great enterprises of the Church. We point out his life as an evidence of the solidity of true religion, worthy of the imitation of the young men of our day who desire to have a manhood abreast of the age and yet above its faults. He fell like some tree hewn down for its very straightness, to be set up again as a pillar or mainmast."

Extract from *The News*, a Bryn Mawr paper, of August 24:

"On Thursday morning the people of Bryn Mawr were startled and shocked by the news of the sudden death, in New York, of Charles Wheeler, a most respected citizen of Bryn Mawr, and largely interested in financial and industrial enterprises in Philadelphia. It is almost needless to say that here, where Mr. Wheeler was so well and favorably known, the news was received with feelings of the most profound sorrow. The expression of sympathy and regret at the loss the community has sustained was universal. Since Charles Wheeler has lived in Lower Merion he was surrounded by hosts of warm and sincere friends and admirers, who were not only attracted to him by his great ability as a financier and business man, but by his honest-hearted, social and genial nature and disposition, which are not always found in men of his distinction. The loss of such a friend and neighbor is one to which it is difficult to become reconciled. It is not the stricken ones of his domestic circle only that are bowed down with sorrow, but the whole community is plunged in grief and sadness. It seemed but a few days ago that we saw him in Bryn Mawr, passing along in his family carriage, in the enjoyment of his usual health; but now, alas! all that is mortal of one of

the most prominent men of his state was, on Monday, carried to the narrow house appointed for all living. Of one who has filled so many positions of public confidence, such a thing as extended newspaper comment upon his character would seem to be entirely uncalled for. No name is better known throughout this community than that of Charles Wheeler. A synopsis of his life may be found in the local columns of to-day's issue. We can refer to his past life with honest pride, which every one must feel in contemplating the character of such persons whom the Almighty has gifted with more than ordinary qualifications, and endowed with that spirit and genius which cannot fail to command a world-wide influence, and be felt wherever it is necessary for mind to act, and the force of a superior soul to leave its ineffaceable footprints. Above all his accomplishments, following him down to his last moments, was that of an humble and devout Christian. And in this thought the afflicted family can take consolation, that although his departure was sudden and unexpected, yet he leaves them the blessed assurance that he has received that reward which awaits the righteous."

The following is made up of extracts from numerous Philadelphia papers of August 21 :

"The funeral of the late Charles Wheeler, Vice-President of the Central National Bank of this city, whose sudden death was so much regretted by his large circle of friends, took place yesterday afternoon from his country residence, Pembroke, near Bryn Mawr. On the brow of a gently-sloping hill, a few rods east of the Church of the Redeemer, stands the late home of the deceased. For hours an almost continuous stream passed through the hallways and into the darkened drawing-room to take a last view of the remains. The body reposed in an old English casket of walnut, cloth-covered, with massive silver handles. A large cross, covered also with cloth, and forming a portion of the lid, extended the full length of the coffin. The name and date of birth and death of the deceased were engraved upon a silver plate on the lower portion of the lid. At five o'clock the solemn funeral cortege started from Mr. Wheeler's late residence, and wound its way slowly across the lawn and through the beautiful church-yard, to the Church of the Redeemer. The pall-bearers were George M. Troutman, representing the Central National Bank ; Saunders Lewis, represent-

ing the Western Saving Fund Society; Joel J. Baily, representing the Committee of One Hundred; James E. Grannis, representing the firm of Morris, Tasker & Co.; Theodore Starr, representing the firm of John Farnum & Co.; and Frederic W. Morris, Dr. George S. Gerhard, and Archibald R. Montgomery, personal friends of the deceased. These gentlemen bore the coffin from the room in which it lay to the entrance of the house. Here their places were taken by eight of the old servants on the estate, who carried it to the church, followed by the family and friends. At the door of the church the pall-bearers again received the casket and placed it on a bier near the chancel-rail. The church was completely filled with relatives and friends of the family. At its threshold the rector, the Rev. E. S. Watson, began the opening sentences of the beautiful Episcopal service: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' The anthem, 'Lord, let me know my end and the number of my days,' was sung by the choir. The remainder of the burial service was then read by the rector, the choir sang the hymn No. 260, 'Asleep in Jesus,' and then the casket was borne into the open air again and deposited in its last resting-place beneath the shadow of the church. The committal service was read by the Rev. Henry A. Coit, D.D.

"In addition to the rector and the Rev. Dr. Coit, the following clergymen were also in the chancel: the Rev. Dr. Currie, of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Yarnall, of St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. Leaf, of Birdsboro', Pa.; and the Rev. F. H. Post, Assistant Rector of the Parish. Among those present were: Ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh, Mayor King, City Controller S. Davis Page, A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Philip C. Garrett, of the Committee of One Hundred; Edward C. Knight, Peter A. Keller, the Cashier of the Union National Bank; William H. Lex, President of Common Council; Moro Phillips, J. K. Valentine, S. W. Pettit, J. N. Du Barry, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Morton McMichael, Rev. Dr. Lundy, John B. Garrett, of the Girard Life and Trust Company; Professor J. C. Booth; George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger;* W. E. Lockwood, Ellis Yarnall, F. C. Yarnall, Vice-President of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company; Edmund Smith, second Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; E. Y. Townsend, of the Cambria Iron Company; Henry Whelen, N. A. Janney, J. B. Morgan, J. E. Gillingham, Pitman E. Bright, W. H. Drayton, E. L. Perkins,

Theodore Kitchen, the Cashier, and S. S. Sharp, the Assistant Cashier, of the Central National Bank; J. E. Temple, John Field, of the Committee of One Hundred; R. D. Barclay, Dr. Thomas G. Morton, W. W. Frazier, Andrew Wheeler, a brother of the deceased; W. H. Rhawn, the President of the National Bank of the Republic; S. W. Wray, of the Connellsville Coal and Coke Company; Malcolm Lloyd, R. Blankenburg, Frederick Brown, Frederick Graeff, John T. Lewis, William Massey, N. Parker Shortridge, City Commissioner Charles H. Krumbhaar, L. P. Ashmead, Lemuel Coffin, Frank Wells, of the *Evening Bulletin;* Orlando Crease, George H. Stuart, William M. Runk, C. W. Lushman, J. E. Carpenter, Dr. H. E. Dwight and A. A. Burroughs."

The following notice was written for one of the church papers by the Rev. Edward Shippen Watson, Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, and a warm personal friend of Mr. Wheeler's:

"The death of Mr. Wheeler has called forth from the press of Philadelphia a unanimous expression of

the sense of a public loss, most uncommon in the case of one whose post of honor was eminently a private station; and the resolutions of the numerous and important bodies of which he was a member have the ring of true regard and of affectionate regret seldom evinced in such formal action,—they are evidently formal only in that the deep feeling beneath them must take some shape, however inadequate.

"It is rare indeed that a life marked by signal worldly success has lessons to bequeath which it is well for us all to learn. And such was Mr. Wheeler's life. Of the many gathered around his grave who had known him from boyhood, there was not one who could recall a trait he would wish to forget; not a recollection nor an anecdote which it was not good to hear.

"The son of a much-respected and highly-learned lawyer, his was yet the story of early privation nobly borne, of the fruits of energetic industry generously shared, of friendly counsel, and a helpful hand; of stainless honor, of integrity and far-seeing wisdom, which made his name an acquisition to any enterprise, and a very tower of strength in our great national need of civil service reform.

"And withal, amid the honors which came thickly on him, amidst troops of friends who loved and trusted him, bearing himself with such modesty and meekness;—the word which he knew had so much weight, so kindly and gently spoken. The story of the true man, of the perfect gentleman, of the Christian gentleman; an exemplification, human frailty allowed for, of what we verily believe to be the highest type of the Christian character, the Layman bearing the Christian spirit into the strifes and triumphs, as well as the toils and anxieties, of that world which Christ made, and which He came to reclaim in its every occupation as His own.

"God gave to Charles Wheeler more than the world could give at its best. He gave him a simple, affectionate nature, which made home-life his chiefest joy. He had a wonderful power of throwing off the weight of multitudinous business, and turning, with keen, whole-hearted relish, to recreation, always shared with wife and children. It is within the knowledge of the present writer that a Sunday following a week of peculiarly perplexing and harassing business found him at a country place where he could not go, as he always went, to church, and the whole day was passed with

the children; nor did a word escape him, nor did he seem to entertain a thought, of what had been a burden to him the six days preceding. All unconsciously to him it was a beautiful Sunday service he was offering; resting from his labors, he was making the little children happy.

"It was this domesticity, this hearth-life, which gave a peculiar charm to Mr. Wheeler. He was the house-bond through whom not only but with whom all its pleasures were enjoyed; none knew him at his best but those who knew him in his home.

"And so he walked with God, we may humbly, reasonably and religiously hope—so he walked, we know, in charity with all the world; and God took him, releasing, so far as man can see, all the pains of death.

"He was borne to his grave in the beautiful churchyard of Bryn Mawr, adjoining his summer residence, at their own request, by those who had long been in his service. They carried him by the path he followed twice every Sunday, and they buried him at eventide, in the lengthening shadows of the church which by his means and influence he had largely contributed to build. A great company, representative of almost every interest of Philadelphia, was there to mourn;

but to those who knew the man, perhaps the most touching evidence of his character was the noiseless filling of his grave; not a sound was heard as earth was cast to earth by loving hands made gentle by their sorrow.

"May light and refreshment be granted him from the presence of his Lord.

"Eve of All Saints, 1883."

Among the great number of letters of sympathy which poured in from all directions the two following are selected:

FARIBAULT, MINN., Aug. 16, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. WHEELER:

The telegram to-day brought the dreadful tidings that your dear husband has been called by our heavenly Father to the other home. For him no one can have any regrets. He had won an honored name among all men. He had always tried to be all that man can be as son, husband and father. He believed in and loved his Saviour: why should we grieve that his Father has called him? Surely God's call always comes at the best time, and His love leads His children by the best

road. But for you, to whom he gave his plighted troth—for his children, who are at the age when they need his care,—for the many friends who loved him, my heart goes out in tenderest sympathy. For you I could only kneel and weep. It is an awful sorrow, and one which none of us can heal. Yet this sorrow must have silver lining to its cloud. It was sudden, but not the sudden death from which, in Holy Litany, we ask to be delivered. We must not think merely of the barred door which hides our gaze. Think of the sudden awakening, the scenes which opened to his eyes. Think only of devoting all our energy to reach the same dear home. This is not home; it never can be; the only thing we are sure of is that wherever there was a cradle there must be a coffin. But our dear Lord came to conquer death, to open to us the gate of Everlasting Life, to make the lonely valley trodden by His blessed feet the gate of Everlasting Life. When such trials come, we ask at once, "What do we know of the mystery?" We know that God has given to each of us a personality which is unlike any being who ever lived or will live in all the ages of eternity. We know that this personality outlives all changes: sameness is not needed for its identity. Youth, manhood,

age, come and go—the I myself lives on, and must live forever. We know that the dust of Adam, into which God breathed the breath of His own life, is the dearest of all God's wonderful creation. For to redeem it our blessed Lord, who was as truly the Son of God as He became the Son of man, did enter our world, and in His own person became our brother. He lived on earth, bearing our sorrows. He wept as we weep. He hungered as we hunger. "He was in all respects as we are, yet without sin." He died for us on the cross. He went to the grave where our loved ones are sleeping. The third day He rose from the dead. He conquered death, and made His resurrection the promise and God's surety of our own. As they knew Him, so shall we know and shall be known. Our loved ones have gone, not to a world of bodiless shadows, a confused throng of nameless spirits, but to a home where they live in all the sameness of their own individual being. Our Lord promised us this recognition when he said, "They shall come from the east and the west, to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." He clearly meant to tell us that we shall know and be known. Yes! we *shall* know those who have followed His blessed footsteps, the man who lay

on His bosom, and the Mary who washed His feet with her tears; we shall know all that blessed company who have been counted worthy of the home which He has prepared for all who love Him; we shall not miss them there. Here for a time clouds linger, but no clouds can come there. There will be "no more sea" to separate those whose hearts are one. For a little while we are left here; we surely need not ask why. Our answer is very plain. To train those who are given to us for God's service; to do the work we may do to help other wearied souls; to finish our own allotted tasks, and then we too may go.

"The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth;" and oh, how tenderly our Father loves you on whom He has laid so heavy a burden! "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We cannot see, but we can trust, and the way is always safe where He leads. Pardon me for writing this long letter. You have always had a warm place in my heart since the day that, in my Master's name, I gave you at His altar His blessing on your wedding-day. You have all the sympathy of my heart, and shall have my prayers.

May God, who has so tenderly called Himself "The

God of the widow and the fatherless," have you in His holy keeping.

With much love, your friend and brother,

H. B. WHIPPLE.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, Aug. 17, 1883.

TO MRS. CHARLES WHEELER.

My Dear Cousin:—The dreadful news has reached us by telegraph. We feel that we cannot realize it. We knew it must be true, but it does not seem possible. And if the shock is so severe to us, what must it be to you! I can see how it must seem to you that he is at this moment more needed by you than ever before, as those dear children are just growing up and needing all a father's care and judgment, and as you want the strong arm to rest upon while all these anxieties begin to press upon you. Oh, what a discipline our life is! God never meant this to be our home. Nothing is permanent here. Just as we seem most settled the change comes. Just as we begin to find our heaven here, the beauty and the glory fade away,

and the darkness falls. But the light is beyond—the only and the true home is there. And he has gone first, he upon whose health and vigor we all relied. And we each must go alone over that silent river. But for you who are left, what words can express your loss, so fearfully sudden, so sad in all its details! You have no personal comfort to receive, for personally it is all loss. And yet you have the knowledge of his lovely character, the memory of his generous, noble traits; and yet you feel, as we all do, that these very excellencies make him dearer, and his loss more grievous; but some day those memories must help and console.

I can only commend you, my dear and much-afflicted friend, to Him who calls Himself the God of the widow and the fatherless, and who has sustained so many who have mourned as you mourn.

God comfort you and the dear children.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

THOMAS H. VAIL.

ON A SUDDEN DEATH.

Death was full urgent with thee, dear,
And startling in his speed;
Brief pain, then languor till the end came near,
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, my love, impatiently;
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness; dearest, thou didst die,
But wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded; but it was well;
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore;
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown;
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves that thou wast caught away.

Death urged as scant of time, lest, O my dear,
We, many a lingering day,
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear,
The ague of delay,
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went; that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant things and bright,
With strength and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim,
Dearest, nor lot nor part in thy true manly name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of sorrowing eyes,
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories,
For I shall ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

COPIED FOR S. F. W.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

Into Thy Hands, O Lord,
This precious Soul we give;
A jewel, 'mid Thy glistening hoard
Of quickening stones to live;
Now let Thy mild Fraternal eyes
Our darling deign to recognize;
A work of Thy creative mould,
A sheep of Thine Apostles' fold,
A sinner from the fiery flood,
Redeemed by Thine own Flesh and Blood.

Receive, with arms outspread,
A prize that cost Thee dear!

'Tis Easter round this dying bed,
When our true life draws near.
The thought of Thy forsaken tomb
With brightness cheers this awful gloom;
The stifling, sickening airs of death
Are freshened by Thine odorous breath;
And Hades' gates are glorified
At sight of Him that lives, and died!

Out of this world of tears,
O Christian soul, depart!
Farewell to pain, and grief, and fears,
And wants that rend the heart!
Go thou where those can come no more,
Within the Cherub-guarded door,
Nor dread to change a world like this
For quiet deepening into bliss,
For Eden's dwellings calm and fair—
Pass forth, and take thy portion there!

Out of this world of sin,
O Christian soul, depart!
The stainless call thee; pass thou in,
Full pardoned as thou art!

Oh crown of joys! no more to stray,
No more to take thy own wild way,
No more thy dearest one to leave,
No more His loving spirit grieve,
What promise sweet, or boon secure,
Can match these words—"I made thee pure."

Now let the Lord arise,
  And put thy foes to flight,
Let all the immortal panoplies
  Array thee in their might!
Fenced round about by Holiest things,
From Satan screened by angel wings,
To God who made thee, God who bought,
And God whose grace thy cleansing wrought,
That death no part in thee should claim,—
Go forth, sweet soul, in Jesus' Name!

"O Almighty God, Judge of the quick and the dead, so fit and prepare us, we beseech Thee, by Thy grace, for that last account which we must one day give, that when the time of our appointed change shall

come we may look up to Thee with joy and comfort, and may at last be received together with him whom Thou hast now taken from us, and with all that are near and dear to us, into that place of rest and peace where Thou shalt Thyself wipe away all tears from all faces, and where all our troubles and sorrows shall have an end: Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest One God world without end. Amen."

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